the peculiarities of that mountain cli-

# THE \$1,000,000.00 MYSTERY

(By Harold McGrath)

(PRINTED IN THE CLIMAX-MADISONIAN EVERY WEDNESDAY.

SHOWN AT THE OPERA HOUSETHURSDAY NIGHT)

ing any particular objective point in

"Sh!" whispered Jim. "What is it?" "Olga Perigoff is yonder in a box."

"Very well; let us go and sit with her. Is she alone?" "Apparently. But don't you think

we'd better go elsewhere?" "My dear young man," said Florence with mock loftiness, "Olga Perigoff has written me down as a simple young fool, and that is why, sooner or later. I'm going to put the shoe on the other foot. You and Jones have coddled me long enough. Inasmuch as I am the stake they are playing for. I intend to have something more than a speaking part in the

"All right; you're the admiral," he said with pretended lightness. So the two of them joined their subtle enemy, conscious of a tingle of zest as they did so. On her part, the countess was always suspicious of this sleepy-eyed reporter. She never could tell how much he knew. But of Florence she was reasonably certain; and so long as she could fool the pretty infant the suspicions of the reporter were a negligible quan-



Florence Was Thrust Into a Room and Made Prisoner.

tity. She greeted them effusively and charged his mind of any further conoffered them chairs. For half an hour jecture. the while each mind busy with deeper "after somebody." It had lately suf-

When the man in search of Flor- lars, two valuable borses and a promience eventually arrived and asked the nent citizen. It was experiencing a manager of the garden if he knew Miss Hargreave by sight the manager wound his way in and out of the idlers the acts that had provoked it. A sepointed toward the box. The man and asked if she was Miss Hargreave. two men who were then banging from For a moment the countess suspected the boughs of a sycamore in the gulch a trap. Then it appealed to her mind and temporarily in the banishment of that if there was no trap it might be certain other objectionable characters. well to pose as Florence, if only to learn what the outcome might be.

"Yes. What is wanted?" she asked. The man took a letter from his how to read it.'

Before she could reply the man had judgment turned and was hurrying away. Olga opened the note, her heart that he was included in this category. beating furiously. It was utterly A few of the committee had urged blank. At first she thought it was a hanging him as a possible example, hoax. Then she happened to remem- and a sure method of reimbursing ber that there was such a thing as in- themselves from his pockets of the visible ink. At last! Hargreave was sums be had won for them. "It's agin alive; this letter settled all doubt in justice," said Jim Wheeler, "to let her mind on this question. Alive! this yer young man from Roaring And not only that, but the girl and Camp-an entire stranger-carry away Jones were evidently in communica- our money." But a crude sentiment

tion with him. She summoned a of equity residing in the breasts of waiter, made a secret sign, and he those who had been fortunate enough bowed and approached. She slipped to win from Mr. Oakhurst overruled the letter into his hand and whis- this narrower local prejudice. pered: "Show that at the cave to- Mr. Oakhurst received his sentence morrow. It is in invisible ink and with philosophic calmness, none the

meant for Hargreave." "He's alive?" "Positively.

"Very well." The waiter bowed and With him life was at best an uncerstrolled away nonchalantly.

Braine was in Boston over night, percentage in favor of the dealer. otherwise the countess would have A body of armed men accompanied taken the mysterious note at once to the deported wickedness of Poker Flat him. She remained for perhaps a to the outskirts of the settlement. Bequarter of an hour longer and then left sides Mr. Oakhurst, who was known letter to her own apartment but for whose intimidation the armed escort the fact that the chemicals needed was intended, the expatriated party were hidden in the cave.

Now it happened that Florence went known as "The Duchess;" another, out for her early ride the next morn- who had won the title of "Mother Shiping, and crossing a field she saw a ton," and "Uncle Billy," a suspected man with a bundle under his arm. sluice robber and confirmed drunkard. The sun struck his profile and limned The cavalcade provoked no comments it plainly, and Florence uttered a low from the spectators, nor was any word cry. The man had not observed her. uttered by the escort. Only when the So, very quietly, she slipped from the horse, tethered it to a tree, and started limit of Poker Flat was reached the after the man to learn what he was leader spoke briefly and to the point never forget that face. She had seen it that dreadful night when the note had lured her into the hands of her The face belonged to the | ical tears from the Duchess, some bad man who had impersonated her father.

It occurred to her that she might | Parthian volley of expletives from Unjust as well do a little detective work cle Billy. The philosophic Oakhurst on her own hook. She had passed alone remained silent. He listened through so many terrifying episodes | calm'y to Mother Shipton's desire to that she was beginning to crave for out somebody's heart out, to the reseem. Like a gambler who has once played for high stakes, she no longer alarming oaths that seemed to be found pleasure in thimbles and needles | bumped out of Uncle Billy as he rode and pins. She followed the man with forward. With the easy good humor no little skill and at length saw him | characteristic of his class be insisted approach a knoll, stoop, apparently upon exchanging his own riding horse press a spring, and a hole suddenly Five Spot, for the sorry mule which Innocent met this objection by assurand the spot took on again its vir- did not draw the party into any closer with an extra mule loaded with pro- camp. Mr. Oakhurst, whose profes- they fell asleep. ginal appearance. A cave. Florence had the patience to wait. By and by the man appeared again and slunk

When she was sure that he was beyond range, she came out from the ly included the whole party in one place of concealment, crept up the sweeping anathema. knoll, and searched about for the magic nandle of this strange door. Diligence rewarded her, and she soon found herself in a large, musty, earth-smella large chest. Men evidently met a day's severe travel. In that ad-

Continued on Page 6

## World's Greatest Short Stories No. VIII.

## THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT

By BRET HARTE



Twenty-four famous authors were asked recently to name the best short story in the English language. Richard Harding Davis and Wallace Irwin named "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," by Bret Harte, whose complete works are published by the Houghton-Mifflin Company.



BRET HAPTE

less coolly that he was aware of the

hesitation of his judges. He was too

much of a gambler not to accept fate.

tain game, and he recognized the usual

justed her somewhat draggled plumes

Shipton eyed the possessor of Five

Spot with malevolence, and Uncle Bil-

The road to Sandy Bar-a camp that.

not having as yet experienced the re-

pressive. A wooded amphitheater sur-Mr. John Oakhurst, gambler, rounded on three sides by precipistepped into the main street of tous cliffs of naked granite sloped gently toward the crest of another precipice that overlooked the valley. It was undoubtedly the most suitable spot for a camp had camping been advisable. But Mr. Oakhurst knew that Two or three men, conversing earnest- scarcely half the journey to Sandy Bar was accomplished and the party were not equipped or provisioned for delay. and exchanged significant glances. This fact he pointed out to his com-There was a Sabbath lull in the air, which, in a settlement unused to Sab- panions curtly, with a philosophic commentary on the folly of "throwing bath influences, looked ominous. up their hand before the game was Mr. Oakburst's calm, handsome face played out." But they were furnished betrayed small concern in these indicawith liquot, which in this emergency tions. Whether he was conscious of stood them in place of food, fuel, rest in two words-"snowed in." any predisposing cause was another and prescience. In spite of his remonquestion. "I reckon they're after some- strances it was not long before they body," he reflected, "likely it's me." | were more or less under its influence. | had been stored within the hut and so

He returned to his pocket the handker. Uncle Billy passed rapidly from a belli- escaped the felonious fingers of Uncle cose state into one of stupor, the chief with which be had been whip-Duchess became maudlin and Mother and prudence they might last ten days sifted over the land. Day by day plug away the red dust of Poker Flat Shipton snored. Mr. Oakhurst alone longer. "That is," said Mr. Oakhurst closer around them drew the snowy from his neat boots and quietly dis- remained erect, leaning against a rock sotto voce to the Innocent, "if you're circle until at last they looked from calmly surveying them. Mr. Oakhurst did not drink. It interthey sat there, chatting inanities, all In point of fact, Poker Flat was fered with a profession which required till Uncle Billy gets back with provi-

coolness, impassiveness and presence sions." For some occult reason Mr. fered the loss of several thousand dol- of mind and, in his own language, he Oakhurst could not bring himself to lires, even from the fallen trees beside "couldn't afford it." As he gazed at disclose Uncle Billy's rascality and so his recumbent fellow exiles the loneliness begotten of his pariah trade, his | wandered from the camp and had accihabits of life, his very vices for the dentally stampeded the animals. He first time seriously oppressed him. He bestirred himself in dusting his black | Mother Shipton, who, of course, knew and by the time he reached the box cret committee had determined to rid clothes, washing his hands and face the facts of their associate's defection Jim and Florence had made their de- the town of all improper persons. This and other acts characteristic of his parture. The man bowed, approached, was done permanently in regard to studiously neat habits, and for the mo- when they find out anything," he addment forgot his annoyance. The thought of deserting his weaker and frightening them now." more pitiable companions never perhaps occurred to him. Yet he could

not help feeling the want of that ex-I regret to say that some of these were citement which, singularly enough, was ladies. It is but due to the sex, howmost conducive to that calm equanimever, to state that their impropriety ity for which he was notorious. He was professional and it was only in looked at the gloomy walls that rose "Give this to your father. He knows such easily established standards of 1,000 feet sheer above the circling pines evil that Poker Flat ventured to sit in around him, at the sky, ominously hurst's calm infected the others. The clouded; at the valley below, already Mr. Oakhurst was right in supposing | deepening in shadow. And, doing so, suddenly he heard his own name

> A horseman slowly ascended the trail. In the fresh, open face of the blue eyes of that provincial maiden to newcomer Mr. Oakhurst recognized their fullest extent. "I reckon now Tom Simson, otherwise known as "the Innocent" of Sandy Bar. He had met | Flat," said Piney. The Duchess turned him some months before over a "little away sharply to conceal something game," and had, with perfect equa- that reddened her cheeks through its nimity, won the entire fortuneamounting to some \$40-of that gulle- requested Piney not to "chatter." But less youth. After the game was finish- when Mr. Oakhurst returned from ed, Mr. Oakhurst drew the youthful speculator behind the door and thus sound of happy laughter echoed from addressed him: "Tommy, you're a good | the rocks. He stopped in some alarm little man, but you can't gamble worth and his thoughts first naturally re a cent. Don't try it over again." He then handed him his money back. pushed him gently from the room, and so made a devoted slave of Tom Sim-

There was a remembrance of this in his boyish and enthusiastic greeting of around it that he settled to the convic-Oakhurst. He had started, he tion that it was "square fun." said, to go to Poker Flat to seek his fortune. "Alone?" No, not exactly the garden. She would have taken the to be a coolly desperate man and for alone. In fact (a giggle), he had run away with Piney Woods. Didn't Mr. Oakhurst remember Piney? She that used to wait on the table at the Temperance House? They had been engaged a long time, but old Jake Woods had objected, and so they had run away and were going to Poker Flat be married, and here they were. And they were tired out, and how lucky it was they had found a place to camp and company. All this the Innocent delivered rapidly, while Piney, a stout, comely damsel of fifteen, emergdoing so far from the city. She would The exiles were forbidden to return at ed from behind the pine tree, where she had been blushing unseen, and

rode to the side of her lover. Mr. Oakhurst seldom troubled himself with sentiment, still less with propriety, but he had a vague idea that retained, however, his presence of mind sufficiently to kick Uncle Billy, who was about to say something, and the excitement, strange as this may peated statements of the Duchess that | nize in Mr. Oakhurst's kick a superior power that would not bear trifling. He then endeavored to dissuade Tom simson from delaying further, but in vain. He even pointed out the fact that there was no provision, nor means of making a camp. But, unluckily, the sympathy. The young woman read- visions and by the discovery of a rude sional habits had enabled him to live with a feeble, faded coquetry. Mother | "Piney can stay with Mrs. Oakhurst." said the Innocent, pointing to the Simson, somehow managed to take like white winged birds and settled

Duchess, "and I can shift for myself." Nothing but Mr. Oakhurst's admonshing foot saved Uncle Billy from bursting into a roar of laughter. As it was, he felt compelled to retire up the generating influences of Poker Flat, canyon until he could recover his gravconsequently seemed to offer some in- ity. There he confided the joke to the ing cave. Loct was scattered about, vitation to the emigrants-lay over a tall pine trees, with many slaps of his and there were boxes and chairs and steep mountain range. It was distant leg. contortions of his face and the usual profanity. But when he returned here, possibly after some desperate vanced season the party soon passed to the party he found them seated by adventure against society. She found out of the moist, temperate regions of a fire-for the air had grown strangely nothing to reward her hardihood, and as she was in the act of moving toward the cave's door she beheld with terror that it was moving!

She was near the chest at that mo
Continued to Page 1. She found to the most, temperate regions of the sale and grown actually amicable conversation. Piney was actually talking in an impulsive, girlish fashion to the Duchess, who moved the page 2. The most, temperate regions of the sale and grown actually amicable conversation. Piney was actually talking in an impulsive, girlish fashion to the Duchess, who may no farther, and the party halted. The spot was singularly wild and im- days. The Innocent was holding forth.

apparently with equal effect, to Mr. "I'm proud to five in the service of the Lord, And I'm bound to die in his army." was actually relaxing into amiability. The third day came, and the sun, "Is this yer a d-d picnic?" said Uncle looking through the white curtained illy, with inward scorn, as he survalley, saw the outcasts divide their veyed the sylvan group, the glancing slowly decreasing store of provisions firelight and the tethered animals in | for the morning meal. It was one of the foreground. Suddenly an idea min

gled with the alcoholic fumes that dismate that its rays diffused a kindly turbed his brain. It was apparently of warmth over the wintry landscape, as a jocular nature, for he felt impelled to if in regretful commiseration of the slap his leg again and cram his fist As the shadows crept slowly up the mountain a slight breeze rocked the white lying below the rocky shores the strongest and yet the weakest of tops of the pine trees and mouned to which the castaways still clung. the outcasts of Poker Flat. through their long and gloomy aisles. Through the marvelously clear air the The ruined cabin, patched and covered smoke of the pastoral village of Poker with nine boughs, was set apart for Flat rose miles away. Mother Shipton the ladies. As the lovers parted they

dence of simplicity, and so turned fore the door and in a few minutes Mr. Oakhurst was a light sleeper. it was a soothing and original theory and cold. As he stirred the dying fire that she didn't swear and wasn't imthe wind, which was now blowing proper. strongly, brought to his cheek that

which caused the blood to leave it-

stunned to remark upon this last evi-

snow! He started to his feet with the intention of awakening the sleepers, for there was no time to lose. But, turning to where Uncle Billy had been lying, he found him gone. A suspicion leaped to his brain and a curse to his lips. He ran to the spot where the mules had been tethered. They were no longer there. The tracks were already rapidly disappearing in the snow.

The momentary excitement brought Mr. Oakhurst back to the fire with his usual calm. He did not waken the sleepers. The Innocent slumbered peacefully, with a smile on his good humored, freckled face; the virgin Piney slept beside her frailer sisters as sweetly as though attended by celestial guardians, and Mr. Oakhurst, drawing his blanket over his shoulders, stroked his mustache and waited for the dawn. It came slowly in a whirling mist of snowflakes that dazzled and confused the eye. What could be seen of the landscape appeared magically changed. He looked over the valley and summed up the present and future

A careful inventory of the provisions, which fortunately for the party. Billy, disclosed the fact that with care from leaden skies the snowflakes were willing to board us. If you ain't-and their prison over drifted walls of daz perhaps you'd better not-you can wait kling white that towered twenty feet offered the hypothesis that he had dropped a warning to the Duchess and "They'll find out the truth about us all ed significantly, "and there's no good

Tom Simson not only put all his

worldly store at the disposal of Mr. Oakhurst, but seemed to enjoy the prospect of their enforced seclusion. "We'll have a good camp for a week and then the snow'll melt, and we'll all go back together." The cheerful gayety of the young man and Mr. Oak-Innocent, with the aid of pine boughs, extemporized a thatch for the roofless in the rearrangement of the interior with a taste and tact that opened the professional tint, and Mother Shipton weary search for the trail he heard the prudently cached. "And yet it don't somehow sound like whisky," said the gambler. It was not until he caught sight of the blazing fire through the still blinding storm and the group

PART II. TAT HETHER Mr. Oakhurst had cached his cards with the whisky as something debarred the free access of the community I cannot say. It was certain that, in Mother Shipton's words, he "didn't say cards once" during that evening. Haply the time was beguiled by an accordion produced somewhat ostentatiously by Tom Simson from his pack. Notwithstanding some difficulties attending the manipulation of this instrument, Piney Woods man aged to pluck several reluctant melodies from its keys, to the accompaniment of the Innocent on a pair of bone castanets. But the crowning festivity of the evening was reached in a rude camp meeting hymn, which the lovers. joining hands, sang with great earnestness and vociferation. I fear that a swing to its chorus, rather than any devotional quality, caused it speedily to infect the others, who at last joined in the refrain:

And I'm bound to die in his army. The pines rocked, the storm eddied and whirled above the miserable group heavenward, as if in token of the vow. At midnight the storm abated, the

what?" asked Tom. "Poker!" replied vall, was hidden beneath the spotless Oakhurst sententiously. "When a man | mantle mercifully flung from above. gets a streak of luck-nigger-luck-he | They slept all that day and the next. Luck," continued the gambler reflectively, "is a mighty queer thing. All when pitying fingers brushed the ty to her. But the desk—where was you know about it for certain is that snow from their wan faces you could it's bound to change. And it's finding scarcely have told from the equal peace out when it's going to change that that dwelt upon them which was she makes you. We've had a streak of bad luck since we left Poker Flat—you come along and, slap, you get into it away, leaving them still locked in each too. If you can hold your cards right along you're all right. For," added the gambler, with cheerful irrelevance.

But at the head of the guich, on one the gambler, with cheerful irrelevance.

But at the head of the guich, on one weather that the largest pine trees, they found the weatherby. In due time I received a

JOHN OAKHURST.

on the 7th December, 1860 And pulseless and cold, with a Derpast. But it revealed drift on drift ringer by his side and a bullet in his

saw it and from a remote pinnacle of unaffectedly exchanged a kiss, so hon her rocky fastness hurled in that direc- night of the first production of Charles est and sincere that it might have been tion a final malediction. It was her Reade's great play, "Never Too Late to heard above the swaying pines. The last vituperative attempt, and perhaps Mend," Oct. 4, 1865. During the prison and, apparently awakening from a frail Duchess and the malevolent for that reason was invested with a scene a large quantity of water was dream, she said: Mother Shipton were probably too certain degree of sublimity. It did her thrown over Miss Moore, who took the good, she privately informed the part of Josephs, the character done to Duchess. "Just you go out there and death by the warders. One of the without a word to the hut. The fire cuss and see." She then set herself to critics, Mr. Tomlin of the Morning Adwas replenished, the men lay down be- the task of amusing "the child," as vertiser, rose from his seat and publicshe and the Duchess were pleased to ly protested against the unnecessary call Piney. Piney was no chicken, but cruelty. This aroused almost a riot Toward morning he awoke benumbed of the pair thus to account for the fact | the play was stopped for some considerable time. Fuel was added to the When night crept up again through the gorges the reedy notes of the accordion rose and fell in fitful spasms and long drawn gasps by the flickering campfire. But music failed to fill entirely the aching vold left by insufficient food, and a new diversion was proposed by Piney-story telling. Nei-

ther Mr. Oakhurst nor his female comrun of 140 performances. panions caring to relate their personal experiences, this plan would have fall-Trapped by Its Portrait. ed, too, but for the Innocent. Some months before he had chanced upon a stray copy of Mr. Pope's ingenious translation of the "Illad." He now proposed to narrate the principal incidents of that poem-having thoroughly mastered the argument and fairly forgotten the words-in the current vernacular of Sandy Bar. And so for the rest of that night the Homeric demigods again walked the earth. Trojan bully and wilv Greek wrestled in the winds, and the great pines in the canyon seemed to bow to the wrath of the son of Peleus. Mr. Oakhurst listened with quiet satisfaction. Most especial ly was he interested in the fate of art student. "Ash-heels," as the Innocent persisted in denominating the "swift footed

So with small food and much of Homer and the accordion a week passed over the heads of the outcasts. The sun again forsook them, and again above their heads. It became more them now half hidden in the drifts. ers turned from the dreary prospect and looked into each other's eyes and were happy. Mr. Oakhurst settled himself coolly to the losing game before she had been assumed the care of Piney. Only Mother Shipton-once the strongest of the party-seemed to sicken and fade. At midnight on the tenth day she called Oakhurst to her side. "I'm going," she said in a voice of querulous weakness, "but don't say invthing about it. Don't waken the kids. Take the bundle from under my head and open it." Mr. Oakhurst did so. It contained Mother Shipton's rations for the last week, untouched. "Give 'em to the child." she said, pointing to the sleeping Piney. "You've starved yourself," said the gambler. "That's what they call it," said the woman querulously as she lay down again and, turning her face to the wall, passed quietly away.

The accordion and the bones were put aside that day, and Homer was forgotten. When the body of Mother Shipton had been committed to the snow Mr. Oakhurst took the Innocent aside and showed him a pair of snow shoes, which he had fashioned from the old pack saddle. "There's one chance in a hundred to save her yet," he said, pointing to Piney, "but it's there," he added, pointing toward Poker Flat. "If you can reach there in two days she's safe." "And you?" asked Tom Simson. "I'll stay here," was the curt reply.

The lovers parted with a long embrace. "You are not going, too?" said the Duchess, as she saw Mr. Oakhurst apparently waiting to accompany him. "As far as the canyon," he replied. He turned suddenly and kissed the Duchess, leaving her pallid face aflame and her trembling limbs rigid with amaze-

Night came, but not Mr. Oakhurst It brought the storm again and the whirling snow. Then the Duchess, feeding the fire, found that some one had quietly piled beside the hut enough fuel to last a few days longer. The tears rose to her eyes, but she hid them from Piney.

The women slept but little. In the morning, looking into each other's faces, they read their fate. Neither spoke, but Piney, accepting the posttion of the stronger, drew near and placed her arm around the Duchess' waist. They kept this attitude for the rest of the day. That night the storm reached its greatest fury, and, rending certain defiant tone and Covenanter's asunder the protecting pines, invaded the very hut.

Toward morning they found them selves unable to feed the fire, which gradually died away. As the embers slowly blackened the Duchess crept closer to Piney and broke the silence of many hours, "Piney, can you pray?" "No. dear," said Piney simply. The Duchess, without knowing exactly why, felt relieved, and, putting her head upon Piney's shoulder, spoke no more. And so reclining, the younger rolling clouds parted and the stars and purer pillowing the head of her yawned. The man vanished quickly, the Duchess rode. But even this act ling the party that he was provided glittered keenly above the sleeping soiled sister upon her virgin breast.

> The wind lulled as if it feared to attempt at a loghouse near the trail, on the smallest possible amount of waken them. Feathery drifts of snow. sleep, in dividing the watch with Tom shaken from the long pine boughs, flew upon himself the greater part of that about them as they slept. The moon duty. He excused himself to the In- through the rifted clouds looked down nocent by saying that he had "often upon what had been the camp. But all been a week without sleep." "Doing buman stain, all trace of earthly tradon't get tired. The luck gives in first. nor did they waken when voices and

deuce of clubs pinned to the bark with a bowie knife. It bore the following. written in pencil in a firm hand: Beneath This Tree Lies the Body

> The Struck a Streak of Bad Luck on the 23d of November, 1850, Handed In His Checks

marked "Last Will and Testament of Cyrus Blake Weatherby." I read it of snow piled high around the hut-a heart, though still calm as in life, be and found that he left all his property hopeless, uncharted, trackless sea of | neath the snow lay he who was at once | to his beloved niece Edith Parks. A Scene Not In a Play.

An extraordinary scene took place in the Princess theater, London, on the among the audience, and the action of fire by George Vining, the lessee of the theater, who was playing the part of Tom Robinson and who made a most imprudent speech, in which be practically insulted every critic present. with the result that the theater was left severely alone by the press for many months. The play, however. turned out to be a popular success and had, for those days, the phenomenal

If an old English writer be true in his observations the pheasant must be a very simple bird, for he declares that it puts its head in the ground and thinks that all its body is then hidden. The same author says that it was also captured by another curious plan. A picture of the bird was painted on cloth and then placed in a spot where it was sure of being seen. By and by silly pheasant coming along catches sight of the portrait and goes up to have a close view of the new neighbor. While engaged in inspecting the canvas the fowler draws near from behind and throws his net over the unwary

#### An Instrument of Providence

By WILLARD BLAKEMAN

I was walking on the beach, watching the waves come rolling in before and more difficult to replenish their a gale and throwing up driftwood, when a bottle was tossed at my feet. extracted a paper from it on which

We are going to pieces. Whoever gets this go to Norman D. Carlisle and tell him he will find my will in my desk in secret

This was all-no date, no signature, no address as to where Norman D. Carlisle would be found. That night I went to bed thinking about the message. Suppose it was genuine. Somebody was enjoying prop-

erty that belonged to another. But it seemed to me that if it were genuine the city in which the person for whom trator was doing the thing for sport or any more sense he would have given it. he wouldn't do. He might not like to particularize. On the other hand, a man who is about to be dumped into

a roaring ocean might leave something

out that he should have put in. I was impelled to find Norman D. Carlisle. I didn't wish to engage in looking for a needle in a haystack, but I couldn't resist the feeling that !t was my bounden duty to do so. There were then some 80,000,000 people in the United States alone. The name was Anglo-Saxon, and the person might be somewhere in the great British countries. Nevertheless when I found that I couldn't let the matter alone I went into it methodically. put a personal advertisement in one newspaper in every city in the United States whose inhabitants numbered 500,000 or over for the said Norman D. Carlisle. I received several replies signed Norman D. Carlisle, the middle name usually differing. I wrote each of them, asking if he had lost a relative at sea, but they all answered in

the negative-that is, so far as they After six months I put in another advertisement for Mr. Carlisle and received a reply from a Norman D. Carpeople. He had seen the ad. while in the city where it had been inserted. I asked him if he had lost a relative at sea, and he replied "No." I dropped the matter so far as he was concerned, but later he wrote me that he was a lawyer and had had a client who had sailed from Rio de Janeiro in a vessel that was catalogued among

After some correspondence he sent me a check for expenses, and I went to see him. He made an engagement for me to meet a lady in his office, and I was introduced to Miss Edith Parks, twenty-one years old and comely. She appeared to be a fady, but was shabbily dressed. I was informed that her uncle had been lost on the out the paper I had found, which I had carefully kept, and as soon as she saw it she said she believed that of his letters were produced, and all doubt was removed. The message, though scrawled hastily in a trembling

I was then told that Miss Fa been brought up by this uncle, who was wealthy, he being unmarried and without children. After he had been declared legally dead the courts had set about administering his estate and had already found forty persons who were heirs at law.

Since Mr. Weatherby, the man who had been shipwrecked, had given Miss Parks to understand that she was to be his heir it was likely that the will menit? Mr. Weatherby's furniture had been sold a year before. Who had bought the desk? No one could tell.
Since I had gone so far in the matter I did not propose to be beaten now. Advertising having svailed, I adver-

reply from the purchaser. I wrote nim that a niece of the deceased wished to redeem it and asked him to fix a price. He said he would sell it for \$100. Miss Parks had no money to pay for it, so I mailed the man a check for the amount. The desk was sent to me, and, taking it into a cellar, I chopped it into kindling wood. Among the rub-Physically and Mentally Worn bish lay the papers in a secret draw-Out-Tells How Nervous er, and, taking this up, I found one and Crying Spells Were

Monmouth, Ill.:—"I was weak, wornout and nervous. I had no appetite and
was getting so thin and discouraged,
one day I just broke down and cried
when a friend came in and asked me
what was the matter. I told of my
condition and how nothing I took seemed
to do me any good. Vinol was suggested.
I got a bottle and before it was half
gone I could eat and sleep well. I
continued its use and now my friends
say I look ten years younger, and I am That same evening I called on Miss Parks with the will that changed her condition from poverty to wealth. She sat like a statue staring at the paper as though she were looking through it rather than at it. I asked her what she was thinking about, but she did not hear me. I repeated the question,

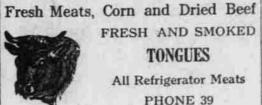
"It doesn't seem possible that uncle, about to die on a boundless ocean, too wrought upon to give my address. could have reached me among the millions of people of the earth."

I did not tell her so, but she soon came to recognize me as the instrument chosen by Providence to find her. After awhile she rewarded me by giving me herself.

Get our cards "For Sale," "For if it fails to benefit. Rent," "Furnished Rooms For Rent." 10 and 15 cents each.

#### **BROADDUS**

DEALER IN



TONGUES All Refrigerator Meats PHONE 39

RESIDENCE PHONE 239

Vinol is a delicious preparation of the extract of cod liver oil and peptonate of B. L. MIDDELTON, Richmond, Ky.

#### Farm For Rent.

One hundred and sixty (160) acres in Kentucky colony of Alabama, right at a

Ended by Vinol.

Monmouth, Ill :- "I was weak, worn-

say I look ten years younger, and I am well, healthy and strong. I wish I could induce every tired-out, worn-out, nervous woman to take Vinol."—Mrs.

There are many over-worked, tired-

out careworn, nervous women in this

vicinity who need the strengthening.

tissue building, and vitalizing effects of Vinol, our delicious cod liver and iron

tonic, and so sure are we that it will

build them up and make them strong that we offer to return their money

HARRIET GALE, Monmouth, Ill.

good railway village, school, etc. Sixroom dwelling, two barns, numerous outbuildings. Farm all fenced, subdivided and in good fix. Wood, water and health excellent. Will lease to reliable man for \$325 00 per year. Tenant must show good references. It is more important that we get a desirable tenant than any thing else. Apply at this office for full 134 2d St., Richmond, Ky. particulars

# FOR SALE

The consolidation of The Climax and The Madisonian leaves us with a surplus of machinery and type which we can dispose of at reasonable prices FOR CASH

1 25-inch Advance Cutter

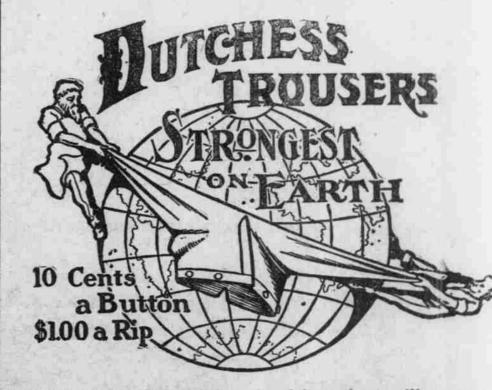
1 2-rev. Cylinder Press (your choice of a Miehle or Scott)

1 8x12 Challenge Gordon 1 12x18 Chandler & Price Gordon 1 1-4 h. p. Electric a. c. Motor, 110 volts

15 h. p. Electric a. c. Motor, 110 volts Acme Stapler, No. 6

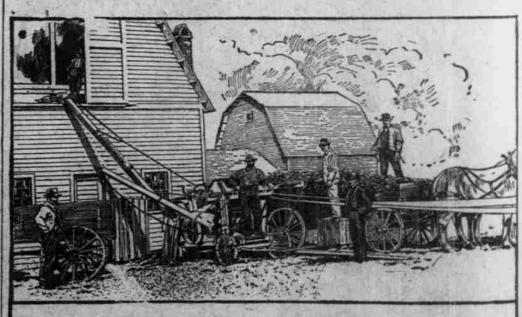
Mustang Mailer This machinery can now be seen running and all of it is in A1 condition. Nothing worn out. Come while you can see it in operation. Priced low for Address quick sale for cash.

THE CLIMAX-MADISONIAN



CROSSETT SHOES---the kind that will wear and satisfy you. For the BEST come to

## JOHN E. SEXTON



### IT'S EASY WORK

It's easy work to handle your corn crop if you use the McCormick husker and shredder. McCormick huskers and shredders are made in sizes to suit your requirements-4,6, and

8 husking volls; equipped with cleaning and bagging devices to save the shelled corn; safety device for throwing the snapping rolls in and out of gear; a number of other features which we will be glad to show you. We invite you to call. If you don't need a husker, perhaps you will need some other machine that is in the McCormick line. Our line is complete. We will treat you right.

**OLDHAM & HARBER**